

THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD.

The *Bloomfield Record* is published in Bloomfield. Contains each week full reports of all occurrences taking place in Bloomfield; complete description of all local projects undertaken; editorials urging the claims of masters of interest to the town; a summary of the news of the week and a carefully selected miscellany of reading matter.

The *Record* is the sole paper issued in Bloomfield. Very many of those out-of-subscription list have largely in New York and Newark. Its value as an advertising medium must therefore be apparent.

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Editor of the Record.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
M. H. CLARK,
Editor and Proprietor.

Bloomfield Record.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., DEC. 4, 1880.

Bloomfield was fortunate on Tuesday night in receiving a visit from the Rev. WAYLAND HOYT, D.D., of Brooklyn, who lectured at the meeting of the Sunday School Association.

Dr. Hoyt is one of the most eminent preachers in the City of Churches, and is well known as one of the best and most eloquent writers for the religious press. His *Specia* for the verity of Christianity as shown by the fulfillment of scriptural prophecy was a strong one and was particularly forcible in its reference to the history of the Jewish race.

On this portion the reverend gentleman's remarks we give a verbatim report elsewhere and those who were not so fortunate as to be present at the meeting can avail themselves of much of the enjoyment which these lectures experienced.

Of a truth, the season of festivities is upon us. One can count up as many as four or five especially enjoyable events that are to take place within a fortnight. It is every pleasure to have the future thus furnished with happy anticipations.

THE STUBBLE AND THE COSE.

(From the *St. Christian Union*)

The young man in college looks forward to the years ahead and plans for himself the greatest achievements. To his singular imagination the two score of years which possibly are in store for him expand into a vastness little short of the infinite. He contemplates life, and is surprised at how little the majority of men compass by the work of a lifetime. But when the doors of his alma mater have closed behind him, and he has begun the active duties of life himself, a change comes over his spirit of his dream. That time which was so elastic in the days becomes exceedingly unyielding as it is approached. His horizon narrows as if suddenly he had come down from a mountain peak. Never were the days so short before. The weeks fly past like telegraphic posts seen from a car window. He finds that he made a great mistake; that he did not allow sufficiently for details. He soon learns that it is the little, not the great things, which take up life. When he had long, unbroken days to devote to study he thought he was making rapid progress, and he was. But in the new life upon which he has entered there are no such days. Time is splintered into fragments. A thousand things beset the mind, clamorous for attention. Instead of unbroken days there are hardly unbroken hours. The duties at home, at the shop or the office, the demands of society, all come in for their proper share of attention, and when they are attended to what time is left?

E. Hamerton says: "The best can be hoped for men immersed in the details of business; that they may be able, like part-ridges and peacocks, to take a short flight on an emergency, and rise, if only for a few minutes, above the level of the stubble and the cose."

When the young man of ability and promise reaches this period his greatest peril is that, seeing his ideal of life thus broken to pieces, he will become disengaged and go to the opposite extreme of making his plans too narrow, that he will give himself up wholly to the demands of his business or profession and become completely buried beneath it; in short, that he will become absorbed, one-sided, toiling drudge. Now this is a bad state for a man capable of better things to fall into. There is just medium between these extremes which many successful men preserve and which is within the reach of almost every one.

It is true that we must content ourselves with a single pursuit if we would attain superiority and distinction. We must be satisfied to make shoes or to make sermons, for we cannot do well several diverse things. But there always is room in every well-ordered life for self-culture and improvement. This alone renders civilization possible. If none but painters appreciated pictures, there is no calling so hard and exacting that, if reasonably pursued, it will not furnish some hours of leisure—if reasonably pursued, for, of course, one may make a tread mill of life if he chooses. It is our duty to keep in the current of life as flows on; not the current of a class or a profession, but of humanity; to be in sympathy with its manifold endeavors and achievements. This alone renders civilization possible. If none but painters appreciated pictures, the art of painting would soon become one of the lost arts, for the world would be ignorant of their work and no inducement to make it. So with music, with literature, with art of all kinds. It is this appreciation of the fine and beautiful which chiefly distinguishes civilization from barbarism. The savage cannot enjoy a poem or an opera, hence they are not produced for him; the civilized man can, hence music and poems flourish in enlightened countries and ages.

The occasional rising above the stubble and the cose of our work-a-day lives is of vast benefit to ourselves and to others. To the individual, it is the more or less complete

development of his higher faculties, so that race. It is the making possible all that is beautiful in art and elevating in literature. Let us beware, then, of living in the stubble until we have altogether lost the faculty of flight, until having ceased to use our wings so long, nature shall furnish another proof of the evolution theory by taking them from us entirely. It is a common case. We may see examples around us everywhere; men who have lived in ledgers, in law books, in materia medica, so exclusively and so long that they have no relish of anything but the special branch they are familiar with; dwarfed, deformed, one-sided men, who are pitifully classified as "sticks" by an irreverent and unappreciative society. Beware of becoming a "stick" in your struggle for wealth and position.

DR. PENTECOST AND THE EPISTLE.

(From the *Independent*)

A man who has for many years been a prominent Baptist minister accepted, last week, an invitation to the pastorate of a large Congregational church in Brooklyn. This act seems strange to many of his old Baptist associates, and they do not wish him a cordial God speed.

But why should they be grieved? Is not the final unity and complete brotherhood of the Church the object for which Christ prayed and for which we should labor, with tears of grief over the divisions of His body? Ministers now freely between the churches of the Presbyterian, the Congregational, and the Reformed denominations, and we never think of regarding it as a sign of evil; but rather of good. That is a step toward Christian union over which we rejoice. Why should we rejoice less if a venturesome start now and then crosses the sea that separates the Baptist denomination from these bodies?

But Dr. Pentecost should do this to see that Dr. Fulton "a terrible thing." Let us hope that he has done.

Dr. Pentecost came to Brooklyn from the South, we believe, and we presume he was a close communion Baptist. But he was very anxious to convert people, to do the work of a Christian minister, and somehow his interest in lesser matters became more and more subordinate, till, before he knew it, working as he was in sympathy with Christian men of every denomination, he found himself an Open Communionist. It was not so much learning as religion that made him an Open Communionist. He contemplated life, and is surprised at how little the majority of men compass by the work of a lifetime. But when the doors of his alma mater have closed behind him, and he has begun the active duties of life himself, a change comes over his spirit of his dream. That time which was so elastic in the days becomes exceedingly unyielding as it is approached. His horizon narrows as if suddenly he had come down from a mountain peak. Never were the days so short before. The weeks fly past like telegraphic posts seen from a car window. He finds that he made a great mistake; that he did not allow sufficiently for details. He soon learns that it is the little, not the great things, which take up life. When he had long, unbroken days to devote to study he thought he was making rapid progress, and he was. But in the new life upon which he has entered there are no such days. Time is splintered into fragments. A thousand things beset the mind, clamorous for attention. Instead of unbroken days there are hardly unbroken hours. The duties at home, at the shop or the office, the demands of society, all come in for their proper share of attention, and when they are attended to what time is left?

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The Eclectic Dramatic Club, an amateur dramatic society of Orange, are advertised to appear here on the 17th.

Attention is called to the new advertisement of G. Jones & Son in another column.

OBITUARY.

J. HARVEY CADMUS.

The death is announced of Mr. J. Harvey Cadmus in the 80th year of his age. Mr. Cadmus, or "Harvey" as he was usually called, was a son of Mr. Geo. S. Cadmus of Newark and was well known in Bloomfield, having lived here since his birth, and had hosts of friends through his almsgiving and friendly spirit. He died from consumption, having suffered from it a long time with a fatal disease.

The meeting of the Bloomfield Republican Club which was announced to take place on Wednesday last was postponed to next Wednesday until a constitution for the club as a permanent organization will be considered.

The grocery store, corner of Broad street and Bloomfield avenue, lately occupied by Mr. Frank Weidner, has been reopened and the business will be continued by his mother.

The Rev. Louis F. Burgess, the pastor of the Watseka Methodist Episcopal Church, will preach in that place to-morrow, both morning and evening.

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FORTUNES AWAITING THEM.

A copy of *De Bernardy's Nest of Kim Gazette*, published in London, has been sent to The Record containing a list of persons living in the country who are entitled to unclaimed property. Three of the names are marked as being of residents in New Jersey. The list is preceded by the following notice:

The following parties if alive, or, if dead, their representatives, are entitled to property:

All letters should be addressed to Messrs. De Bernardy Brothers, 23 John Street, Bedford Row, London, England, and contain full particulars, such as names in full of all the parents of the party, with date and places of birth, marriage and death.

Foreign or colonial postage stamps should be enclosed for replies.

LONDON, Oct. 1 November, 1880.

The items marked are as follows:

Cox, Thomas, Gooding, son of Thomas and Jane Cox, left England with his parents about 1829 for New Jersey, New York, or some other part of America.

He is supposed to have died at Indianapolis about 1853; Joseph Machin, believed to have left New Jersey about 1829, and to have gone as a sailor on board a whaler; and William Machin, supposed to have died in Indianapolis in 1863.

Rozay, Margaret, Spinster, in 1823 resided at Gloucester, State New Jersey.

Milk is adulterated not only with water, but also with salt, to give it specific gravity, and with burnt sugar, to give it a rich color. The doctor milk looks as rich as that of an Academy cow.

Wm. H. PULLEN, Fowlerville, Mich., says—

"I have not rested better for months than I did last night. The 'Only Lung Pad' has helped me wonderfully.—See Ad.

EVENTS OF LOCAL INTEREST

MEETING OF THE ATHLETIC CLUB
CLERGYMEN AND YOUTH ADDITIONAL MEMBERS
NEXT MEN BECOMING MEMBERS OF THE ORGANIZATION—NOMINATIONS FOR OFFICES FOR THE ENCLOSING YEAR.

One of the committee houses on Woodbridge street here, which was the terror of every pedestrian who got within three feet of his limit. The animal has teeth like a shark, and up to a few days ago he'd bite anything within reach except a pile of grindstones. Whipping had no effect, and he would get rid of muzzles as fast as they were put on. The firm had paid out considerable money to settle for his bites, and was wondering what they could sell him for when along came a man who guaranteed a cure for \$5. He was told to go to work, and his first move was to get an oil suit of clothes and stuff it with straw. The horse was driven down the street, and the suit was tied to a hitching post "back to the street." A full pound of Castor pepper was then rubbed into his nostrils over the garments and the straw stuffing in the joke was ready.

The horse came back again, and the driver left him standing within six feet of the man of straw. The old timer gave him a twinkle as soon as he had a chance to use his teeth, and as he stood longer, just caught the "man" by the shoulder. That old horse meant wickedness, but he had a surprise in store for him. As he lifted the figure off its feet and gave it a shake, he let go of its tail and the horse was filled with the smarting powder. Great tears rolled down his long nose, he sneezed and snorted and coughed, and he was just as chagrined at the general laugh at him as a man would have been. He backed away from the remains, opened his mouth for to cool it and hung his head in shame. He did not cease weeping for a day. At the end of the day he could look the rutted square in the face he was a changed horse. Anybody can pull his ears or rub his nose with impunity. In fact, he courts censure when he defiles them, and on the approach of a stranger will shut his eyes and mouth as if fearful of another dose.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MUCH-NEEDED STREET-CROSSINGS.

AS THEY HAVE BEEN LAID HERETOFORE.

AS IT WAS EXPECTED.

The regular monthly meeting of the Town Committee took place on Wednesday evening last. All of the members of the Board were present. No matters of especial interest were discussed except a discussion as to what was best to be done in regard to the failure of the contractor for cross-walks to fulfill his agreement to place several crossings before the winter set in. It was suggested that inasmuch as he had neglected to regard the stipulations of the agreement that the contract should be cancelled. The frost is now four inches deep, or less, in the ground and should the work be done at present, it could not be properly done and would not be worth the money paid for it. The motion to cancel was seriously voted upon.

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